

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXIX.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916.

NO. 46.

## KILLED BY SOO LINE TRAIN

Ralph Spafford is Victim of  
Accident While Driving  
Home in His Ford

### CAR IS A TOTAL WRECK

When the large audience which had been listening to the Saturday afternoon program at the Chautauqua tent, left the grounds about four-thirty o'clock, one of the most enthusiastic among them was Ralph Spafford, the well known piano salesman and tuner, who for a number of years has made his home in this village. He spoke pleasantly to friends as he left town and stepping into his auto he started for his home in the north end of the village. Less than thirty minutes later, like the bursting of a bomb, word was passed about that he had met a tragic death on the Soo Line tracks, within forty rods of his home. At first the story could scarcely be credited but it was all too true.

As he started for home he asked a young lady who was one of his neighbors to ride and she accepted the invitation. As they came to her home just before they reached the crossing Mr. Spafford stopped the car for her to get out, and then apparently not noticing the approach of the south bound passenger train, due here at 4:36, which on that particular day was somewhat late, he started on toward home. Just what was in his mind at the time will never be known. Did he fail to see the train? Did he try to beat it? Did he miscalculate its distance or its speed? Are questions unanswered. At any rate as the auto was squarely upon the track it was struck by the swiftly oncoming train. Together with a part of the machine he was carried on the pilot of the engine for several hundred feet before the train could be brought to a standstill. He was hastily placed on a cot aboard the train and brought to the depot. A physician was summoned but it only took one glance to see that death had been instantaneous. His skull was fractured, his neck broken and a gash was cut in the throat, one leg was also badly cut. The body was taken to the undertaking room and the coroner was notified.

The machine which was a Ford touring car was completely demolished, in fact it was literally ground to bits.

An inquest was held Monday forenoon at eleven o'clock with Coroner Taylor presiding. Engineer Purcell, fireman Colburn and Claim Agent for the Soo Line, Mr. Harrington were also present.

The verdict returned by the jury was accidental death, but they censured the railroad company for not having more protection at the crossing.

Mr. Spafford was very well known at Millburn which was his home until he came to Antioch to reside some ten years ago. He was a member of the Antioch M. E. church and took an active part in all its work. He gave freely of his musical talent and was rarely absent from his place in the choir.

His wife, who was formerly Miss Lillie Hancock of this village passed away June 18, 1914, and since that time he has devoted himself to caring for his little son Ralph, who is now between five and six years of age.

He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. M. Spafford of Millburn, three brothers Arthur H., of Ocala, Fla., Sumner M., of Denver, Colo., Alfred G., of Chicago, and three sisters, Mrs. Emma Hughes of Peru, Ill., Mrs. Lucy Mersella of Millburn and Mrs. Maude Mitchell of Waukegan.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock and were attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends. The remains were laid at rest in the Hillside cemetery.

### The Daily Task.

It requires a sound philosophy to do, day after day, those accustomed routine things without which men cannot live in society, and the race will be forever indebted to him who shall suggest an infallible method of evading the irksomeness of daily, recurrent, trivial, necessary tasks.—Vogue.

## HAROLD J. BRYANT INDICTED BY U. S. JURY IN LAND CASE

Harold J. Bryant of Lake Forest his business partner, Wm. F. Greenwood, and two other officers of the Florida Everglades Land company, were indicted Friday by the federal grand jury.

They are accused of conspiracy to devise a scheme to defraud by the use of the mails and of actual use of the mails in furtherance of the alleged scheme.

The case has been under investigation by the federal government for two years. Definite evidence against the accused men was secured in a recent raid on the offices of Bryant & Greenwood in the Westminister building.

Mr. Bryant is the husband of the former Mrs. Chas. W. Gillett, who after a sensational court battle was ordered to give to her children again their rightful names of Gillett and to allow their father to see them.

The Florida Everglades Land company was organized more than three years ago. Wm. A. Otis of Colorado became president; Percy Hagerman, vice president; Mr. Bryant, vice president and general manager, and Mr. Greenwood, treasurer.

The indictments alleged Bryant and his colleagues "induced many persons to buy thousands of acres of land in the Florida Everglades through misrepresentations." Three of the counts accuse the men of wilfully misrepresenting the land to prospective purchasers by saying that it was some of the most fertile and productive land in the state, needed no fertilization, was below the frost line, was immediately available for farming purposes, and that the state of Florida backed the proposition with an appropriation of \$1,200,000 for the purpose of draining the land.

All the statements are untrue, the government charges.

The company owned approximately 67,000 acres of land in the Everglades.

### Former Antioch Woman in Auto Accident

Mrs. Paige Perkins of Onarga, formerly Miss Bertha VanDuzer, accompanied by her three little sons and Miss Reynolds were making an effort to reach home from Thawville, Monday afternoon before the storm. Mrs. Perkins was driving their new car and just east of H. D. Smith's place in a snowstorm lost control of the car which turned turtle in a ditch pinning the occupants fast under the car. Mr. Smith and Chauncey Thresher were close at hand and did what they could to relieve the situation until the arrival of more help from town which was phoned for immediately. Aside from a few bruises no one was injured which seemed miraculous, the wind shield and top of the car were badly damaged but otherwise O. K. The engine responded to the second turn of the crank when the car was righted. It was indeed fortunate that some one of the party were not instantly killed.—Thawville News.

### Will Start Damage Suit

James G. Welch of Waukegan, has been retained by relatives of the late Ralph Spafford to take steps toward the beginning of a damage suit against the Soo Line company. Mr. Welch was present at the inquest but witnesses to the accident were not called upon to testify at that time, it being decided to reserve their testimony for the damage suit.

In returning the open verdict the jury recommended that the railroad proceed at once to safeguard the crossing by the installation of gates.

## Official List of Transfers

FURNISHED BY  
Lako County Title and Trust Co.  
Abstracts of Title, Titles Guaranteed.  
WAUKEGAN - ILLINOIS

Geo Worth and wf to Rollo Shea tract in ne qr sec 32, Benton twp wd \$10 00

Patrick Sullivan and wf to John and Emma Wicks tract in ne qr sec 34, Avon twp wd 2500 00

Catherine Murray to Jennie B Putnam tract of land in Village of Waukegan wd 1800 00

John Oehman and wf to Otto C Schulz n 15 ft lot 4 and a 30 ft lot 3, Petite Villa, Antioch wd 200 00

Wm Knabusch to Joseph Parks pt lot 12, Nippersink club sub, Antioch twp wd 10 00

Della Gaggin Sherwood to Anna Trieger pt lot 21, Williams Bros sub sec 3, Antioch twp wd 1 00

Elizabeth Smith to Luella Howe lots 12 and 13, Smiths sub in sec 12, Antioch twp wd 10 00

W W Edwards and wf to L N Lund lot in ne sec 21, Avon twp wd 200 00

## SHORT ITEMS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Clippings Taken From Articles  
Concerning Many Towns  
and People of Interest

### WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

Thos. H. Murray, a Chemung farmer has named his farm after the Indian word "Menoken," which means a good growing place.

Two people from Silverlake, Chas. Horn and Wm. Fleuker, the latter a youth of 19 years, were adjudicated insane in the Kenosha county court and taken to the state hospital at Mendota for treatment.

Mauritz Hall, a blacksmith of Chicago, was a victim of heart failure while in bathing at Twin Lakes last Monday.

The L. E. Meyers company has been granted a franchise to operate an electric lighting and power system in the village of Hebron and the citizens of that place are rejoicing.

The voters of Libertyville township, at an election held for the purpose recently, voted for the establishment of a high school there. The town will be bonded for \$50,000.

While at work mowing away hay in the barn, the trip rope of the hay carrier broke, throwing E. G. Diggs, well known West Hartland dairyman backwards off the load of hay. He fell to a cement driveway eight feet below, striking on the back of his head. The victim was removed to the Cottage hospital at Harvard, where he is now being cared for and has an excellent chance for recovery.

The two men who broke into the Watrous and Yard homes at Waukegan are on their way to the Wisconsin state prison, bound on a trip which will consume at least seven years. They were Edwin Forbes and Herman Bohlgel, captured Tuesday in Kenosha and sentenced Friday.

The Delavan condensory, which has about 150 patrons, was closed last week when the patrons, a local branch of the Milk Producers' association, refused to deliver milk to the factory. While the Delavan Condensed Milk Co., own the factory, the entire product is being handled by the John Middi Co., of Chicago, who have a manager, Mr. Goldbach in charge.

Douglas McFarlane, of Richmond, seven years of age, trapped seven woodchucks recently on his father's farm in seven days. The young man set his own traps, and after catching, the animal killed his own game. If this young man keeps on as he has started, he surely will be quite a hunter by the time he reaches the age of 21.

### He Know How It Felt.

The Teacher—"So Doltah, cut Samson's hair and all his strength went out of him. Now, when did Samson's strength go out of him? You may answer, Willie." Willie—"I guess it was when he seen himself in the glass."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Country's Debt to Novellat. Charles Rende killed the horrible system of transportation for life, and removed from Australia and New Zealand the stain of being criminal dumping grounds. His novel, "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," did the trick, and the British dominions in the southern hemisphere owe the novelist a debt of gratitude which they have not failed to pay.

### STAGE SETTINGS

When it comes to drawing the porous plaster line it on the average actor.

Many a young man who thinks he is a sturgeon is merely a sourette struck.

The man who always occupies a front seat at a burlesque show nearly always takes a back seat at church—when he happens to wander into one by mistake.

## AUTO OVERTURNS, PINNING WOMEN AND THREE CHILDREN

Two women and five small children were badly injured in an automobile smashup at Lake Geneva, Wis., Monday. According to the police at the Wisconsin city, Mrs. Frank Stewart, wife of a wealthy farmer at Hebron, Ill., became confused while driving her car down a steep hill on Kendall street.

The car turned turtle, pinning Mrs. Stewart, her three children, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Stewart, and her sister, Miss Susie Fellows.

Mrs. Stewart was badly cut by glass from the windshield. She was hurt internally and physicians insisted she remain at a Lake Geneva sanitarium. This she refused to do. She demanded that she be taken back to Hebron.

Miss Fellows was painfully cut about the head and body. None of the children were severely hurt. They sustained many bruises, but laughed as the police righted the car.

Mrs. Stewart was bound for the home of friends in Lake Geneva. She had been driving at slow pace until she struck the hill. As the incline is rather steep she tried to put on the brakes in making the descent. She lost control of the brakes and the machine skidded. It took the police considerable time to right the machine. At first it was believed all had been killed.

The hill in Kendall street has been the scene of several automobile accidents. The seven injured persons were taken to their homes in Hebron.

### Telephone Co. to Stop Bill Posting

The posting of bills on telephone poles has become so much of an annoyance that the Chicago Telephone company will paint signs on its poles prohibiting their use for this purpose. Many piles along the highways are covered with a veneer of tack heads, which makes it difficult for the linemen to sink their climbers into the wood. As a result of this practice, many linemen have sustained severe falls and others have received severe cuts from protruding tacks.

In many cities the posting of bills on telephone poles is prohibited by ordinance. Where such protection is not extended, the company asks the co-operation of the public in keeping the poles free from unsightly signs and thereby making the work of its linemen less hazardous.

## NEAR ACCIDENT AT RAILROAD CROSSING

Another tragedy at the same crossing whereon Ralph Spafford, lost his life Saturday was very narrowly averted Tuesday morning, and but for the presence of mind of the driver of the auto no doubt another fatality would have been recorded. A touring car carrying three persons were approaching the crossing and not noticing the approach of the south bound passenger due here at 6:29 a. m. they were about to drive upon the track when the engineer seeing their purpose, sounded a warning blast of the whistle. Too close for either train or auto to stop an accident seemed certain, but quick as a flash the driver of the car swung his steering wheel and sent his car headlong into the ditch. The train was stopped and the train men rushed out expecting to find the men seriously injured. Much to their surprise however, they found the car and its occupants uninjured, and after being hauled back into the road by the large Packing house truck they went on their way none the worse for the experience.

### Death of Susan Bell Drom

On Wednesday morning occurred the death of Susan Bell Drom, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Drom of this place. The child whose age was nine years, three months and nineteen days, has been in very poor health for a long time, her trouble being Bright's disease. She was a member of the Antioch grade school and was also a member of the third year primary grade of the M. E. Sunday School and her death has brought keen sorrow to the hearts of her classmates and playmates among whom she was a general favorite. The funeral will be held at the home at one o'clock tomorrow (Friday) with burial in the Liberty cemetery.

### Service.

The aristocracy of the future is in sight. It will not be an aristocracy founded on might; it will not be an aristocracy based on the accident of birth; it will not be an aristocracy by virtue of possession, whether of knowledge or of wealth; but it will be an aristocracy of service.—Matt. S. Hughes.

## WM. ORPET FOUND NOT GUILTY

The Boy is Freed By The Jury  
After Four Hours and  
Fifty-one Minutes

### COURT SCENE DRAMATIC

Will Orpet is free. He was acquitted Saturday night of the charge of murdering Marian Lambert, his high school sweetheart, by a jury which returned its verdict at 7:46 o'clock.

Only three ballots were taken, the juror standing eleven to one from the start. E. J. Bock, owner of a large grocery in Highland Park, was the man who held out for conviction. He capitulated on the fourth ballot.

The jury was out four hours and fifty-one minutes. Nearly an hour of that time was consumed by the evening meal.

It was 7:35 when a bailiff hurried around to the front of the court house, where Judge Donnelly was talking with Attorney Wilkerson.

"They're ready for you, judge," he announced.

There was a scramble of attorneys, reporters and spectators, who had been cooling off on the lawn. A few minutes later the jurors filed into the courtroom and stood along the railing in front of the bench.

"I want to say that any demonstration on the reading of this verdict will be contempt of court and the offenders will be dealt with severely," warned Judge Donnelly.

A bailiff handed a large envelope to County Clerk Brockway, who took from it the important piece of paper on which Orpet's fate was written.

Judge Donnelly's fingers shook as he unfolded the document.

"Is this your verdict, gentlemen?" inquired the judge.

"It is," they responded, following the lead of Foreman James O'Shea, who is a partner in a music store in Waukegan.

"We, the jury, find the defendant Wm. Orpet, not guilty," read the court. "Oh, goody!" half screamed a woman on the front bench.

There were several irrepressible yells and "ahs."

Four women ran from the room.

Judge Donnelly's face reddened and turning to the sheriff, he said: "Mr. Sheriff, bring that person forward."

Sheriff Griffin could not find her.

"If I could not who made that outcry there would be a chance for some one to spend an hour or two in the county bastille," said the judge.

When the words "not guilty" fell from Judge Donnelly's lips, Orpet's mother, who sat at his right, clasped him to her and kissed him, her eyes shining with triumph and pride.

She relinquished him in a moment to Mrs. Edwin Taylor, who conducts a rooming-house in Madison, Wis. She mothered Orpet during the two years he lived with her while attending the University of Wisconsin. She also kissed him.

Then they shook hands all around with the three smiling, happy but tried lawyers who have fought tenaciously, ever since Marian Lambert was poisoned in Helm's woods on Feb. 9, to free Orpet of the accusation.

Edwin O. Orpet, the defendant's father, was not in court. Neither were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lambert, Marian's parents. Mr. Lambert had been in attendance until nearly 6 o'clock, but feeling that the jury would not return a verdict for several hours, went home to comfort his wife.

Thirty thousand dollars in round numbers, represents the sum Lake county taxpayers have spent in the prosecutions of Will H. Orpet charged with the murder of Marian Lambert.

Orpet was arrested on Feb. 12—the grand jury met in March and indicted him. On May 15 the trial began. Three weeks were consumed in securing a jury. Since that time the trial has been in progress. It was two months ago Saturday that Judge Donnelly opened court. In that time over 1,300 men dropped their instruments of labor to answer the call of the court for jury service. Twelve men of this number have given their entire time for two months to a consideration of the evidence—and Lake county, has expended \$30,000.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA A SUCCESS SOCIALLY, FAILURE FINANCIALLY

Last Sunday evening's program ended the six days Chautauqua at this place, and at the present time it is not known as to whether it was merely the close of the season of 1916 or whether it was the end of a Chautauqua for Antioch.

The Chautauqua opened on Tuesday of last week and while the evening programs were well attended there were many vacant seats in the afternoons, due to the extremely hot weather which made it impossible for the public to be regular in its attendance.

The programs were all very good and seemed to take well with the audience, although many maintain that, as a whole, our first Chautauqua was the best. However, that may be, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and as a social and educational feature, it was a decided success.

But successful as it was socially, it was financially unsuccessful. Figures obtained from headquarters show, cost of talent \$950, local expenses \$250, total expenses \$1200. Money taken in for season tickets \$522, for single admission \$240, of this the company has 50% thus leaving \$120 of the gate receipts for the local committee, total receipts \$642. This shows a shortage of \$558 which will have to be made up by the forty-seven persons who at the close of last year's program affixed their signatures to the contract for 1916. According to this each signer will be called upon to contribute about eleven dollars. The trouble this year seemed to be the inability of the workers to dispose of the season tickets.

In order that this trouble might not again arise cards were passed among the audience on several occasions, asking individuals to pledge themselves to take tickets for 1917. This brought out the sale of practically 350 season tickets, but as the committee did not feel that this was enough to justify them in signing up again, the contract for another year has not yet been closed. However, if enough people are willing to come forward and sign, so that the half of the burden will not fall upon a few, the contract will be closed and the Chautauqua assured for another year.

## WHO GIVES THE VILLAGE MARSHAL CON- STABLE JURISDICTION?

Some excitement prevailed about town Monday afternoon and Tuesday when it became known that L. H. Felter, village marshal, was on a still hunt for a man who, in a demented state, had wandered away from the home of M. Heidenreich south of town. Not being successful in finding his man, Mr. Felter gave up the hunt Monday evening. But when Archie Maplethorn on his way to Savage's Tuesday morning saw the party sitting in the John Bohn yard, he phoned to Mr. Felter whose car he had seen standing in front of the California ice house. But getting a wrong idea the marshal instead of going to Bohron's listened back to town to the Edgar house to get the man, who in the meantime continued his wandering as far as the Oetting place where he laid down and went to sleep. Felter now thoroughly determined to land him swore in five deputies to go out Tuesday evening to search. But at noon some one phoned that he had been found, and the excitement was at last all over.

We fail to see why the marshal, who is employed by the village, has jurisdiction outside of the village limits.

### Some Base Ball Game

The ball game last Sunday wasn't what we expected, but there was an equal bunch of players only one team didn't have as much luck as the other, and as to playing the game there wasn't any such a word, according to reports of the score. Both teams did their share of batting, but Kenosha always slipped in one more run than Antioch could. Antioch even pulled in some home runs to their credit.

Carelessness in making those bases and poor coaching again, just like starting a Ford off without a driver, will run any direction until stopped.

The game went on and on see-sawing until the ninth inning and the score was 20-10. Wasn't that an awful score for Antioch to get beaten by.

### Cord of Thanks

We wish to thank all those who assisted us in any way at the funeral of Ralph Spafford and especially the singers and those who furnished flowers.

Mrs. M. Spafford and Family.

### Optimistic Thought.

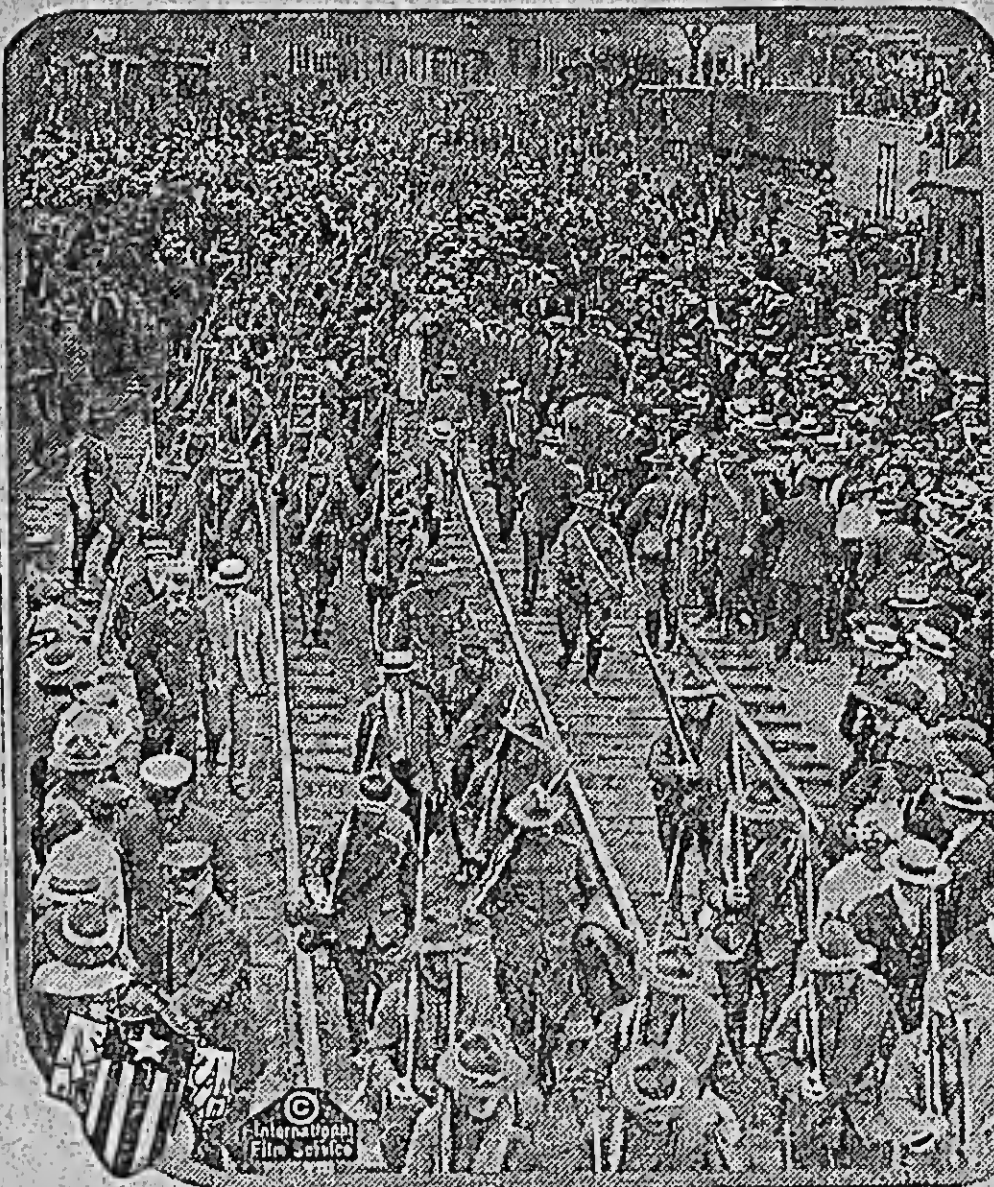
Misibility is of this world; In that to come there is no change.







## "FIGHTING SIXTY-NINTH" GETTING AWAY



A scene at the railroad siding showing the crowd of spectators, among whom were the wives, mothers and sweethearts of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," the first infantry outfit of the National Guard of New York to leave for the mobilization camp at Camp Whitman, Beekman, N. Y.

IS REAL PRODIGY  
IN MATHEMATICS

William Stong Solves Most Intricate Problems Quickly and Without Effort.

## ANSWERS APPEAL INSTANTLY

Has Declined Many Offers to Travel and Demonstrate His Gift in Public—Enjoys Amusement He Evokes.

Bloomington, Ill.—Illinois possesses a mathematical prodigy in William Stong, twenty-eight years old of Tazewell county. He has been able to solve any problem in arithmetic that has been given to him. He reels off millions and billions with equal precision and promptness. One of his feats is to wander down to the railway station when a freight train dashes away and add up the numbers on the sides of the cars. By the time the last car has passed he has the total.

People who are skeptical concerning his powers come long distances to test them. They are primed with brain-racking problems, but all prove easy for Stong. One of the most common questions relates to the number of seconds in a lifetime, given the date of birth. One who propounded this problem gave him the date January 26, 1873. Right off the reel came this re-



William Stong.

ply: "15,873 days, 378,392 hours, 22,703,510 minutes, 1,362,211,000 seconds." Another problem was: "It is 155 miles to Chicago. How many pounds of rails in the track at 80 pounds to the yard?" Without hesitation came the reply: "436,380,000."

## Some of His Feats.

Another one was: "An automobile wheel is 30 inches in diameter. How many revolutions will this wheel make in traveling the 100 miles to Chicago?" Stong came back with this answer: "104,170 revolutions."

A null problem came next. He was told that 32 units were to be driven. One cent would be paid for the first, 2 cents for the second and double the sum for each succeeding unit. He was asked how much he would be paid for the thirty-second unit. Almost instantly the answer given: "21,474,000.48."

One skeptic propounded: "With 25,000 miles around the earth and silver dollars at an inch and a quarter

in diameter, how many will it take to circle it?" Stong answered: "1,267,200,000."

"The Illinois river flows at the rate of 400 cubic feet an hour. If a reservoir was constructed one mile long, one mile wide and half a mile deep, how long would it take to fill it if the water from the river was diverted?"

Stong hesitated for a few moments and then gave the answer: "184,997,440 hours." One man tested Stong with this railroad problem: "Where are 750,000 miles of steam railroads in the world. There are 352 rails to every mile. To every pair of rails there are 18 ties with 4 spikes per tie. There are 5 bolts to every rail and 2 steel plates per tie. How many rails, ties, spikes, etc." Within a few moments Stong told his audience to put down the following answer: "There are 264,000,000 rails, 2,307,000,000 ties, 528,000,000 flanges, 950,504,000,000 spikes, 1,302,000,000 bolts and 4,752,000,000 plates. At 85 pounds in the yard there are 224,400,000,000 pounds of steel in the rails. At 50 tons per carload, there would be 2,244,000 cars or 44,880 trains of 50 cars per train."

Was Despair of Teachers.

He was asked to give the total of all the numbers from one up to 9,000, adding them together. His answer was 40,084,800. The total of the numbers from one up to 78,000 was 3,042,030,000.

Stong was asked how many bricks would be required to lay a pavement from New York to San Francisco, 4,375 miles, the pavement to be 60 feet wide and the brick 8 inches long and 2 inches wide. He figured that it would require just 10,201,377,600 bricks.

Asked to divide 68,710,476,730 by 32,768, he answered instantly: "2,097,165."

Stong says this peculiar talent has been with him since early youth. He was the despair of the teachers and the envy of the other children when he solved problems in a moment that required hours for the others. He says there is no particularly severe mental strain when working out the problems, that the answers stand out in front of him, so promptly is the response of his extraordinary brain to the demands that are put upon it. Stong never grows impatient when there are undue demands made upon him for answers to their problems. He treats all courteously and enjoys the look of amazement he evokes.

Stong has had many opportunities to travel with a circus and exhibit his extraordinary mental gift, but has declined all offers.

## FINANCIER DISOWNED SISTER

Displeased Over Her Marriage, He Gave Her No Share in His Fortune.

Baltimore.—By the will of John Black, aged retired financier, probated recently, \$275,000 is left to a number of Episcopal institutions and the Johns Hopkins university, which also became residuary legatees. The estate is estimated at \$1,000,000. Provision was made for one of the financier's two sisters. She, however, died a few weeks ago.

Mr. Black had another sister, Harriet, whom he disowned about forty years ago because she married a Doctor Adler, a Jew. Mrs. Adler also is dead, but there are two or three sons surviving, one of whom is said to be a rabbi, who are now believed to be in New York or Philadelphia.

The estrangement had been complete between Mr. Black and his sister Harriet, although Elizabeth, the other sister, is said to have forgiven her sister, and had her picture hanging in her bedroom.

Mr. Black never married, and his nearest relatives in Baltimore are said to be second cousins.

WANTS TO FIGHT,  
BUT IN AMERICA

James Bracy, Black, of Portsmouth, Doesn't Care for Foreign Legion.

## "SCRAPS" AROUND WHOLELOT

Isn't Afraid of the Germans, but Wants to Battle With Them at Home Where He Knows the Country.

By FRED B. PITNEY.

Paris.—"Yo nil is Americans, isn't ye?"

It was a very plaintive query, indeed, and I turned from the automobile in which I had ridden into La Vallbonne, the headquarters of the foreign legion, to see a small and very black negro in the uniform of the French army watching me anxiously.

"Yes," I replied, "we are Americans. Are you?"

"Yassuh," said the negro. "Je suis Americain. Parlez-vous Anglais? Ah, comes l'on Po'tsmo'th, Virginia. Muh name is James Bracy, sah. James Bracy, B-r-a-c-y. Is yo' got dat name right? Perhaps, yo' wants to write it down?"

James was not martial. He was feline. He was like a small kitten, playing around, begging to be scratched behind the ears.

"How do you come to be here?" I asked.

"Ah come in a grand ship to Bordeaux, vrasilla' bosses," he replied, "an' when Ah got there, there wasn't no way to git back, so Ah 'listed."

"How long ago was that?"

"Eight months, sah."

He knows Norfolk.

"I suppose you know Norfolk, James?"

"Norfolk?" exclaimed James. "Why, of co'se Ah knows Norfolk. Ah comes from Po'tsmo'th."

"And Old Point Comfort?"

"Suh?"

"Old Point Comfort, Chamberlain's hotel, Fortress Monroe."

"No, sah. Ah don't know none of dem."

"But if you come from Portsmouth and know Norfolk, you must know Old Point. It's only eight miles away."

"Aw-h," said James, "you means Hampton Roads. Why, yassuh, Ah knows Hampton Roads. Ah sailed outt'n Hampton Roads when Ah come here."

James crept a little closer, and became confidential. "Does yo' all reckon America is goin' to git into de wah?" he asked.

"Do you want America to come in?" I queried.

"Yassuh," he said eagerly. "Yassuh, Ah sho' does want America to come into dis heah wah."

"Why?"

"Wants to Fight Germans."

"Cause," he replied, "ev'body round heah says if America comes in we all Americans 'd be 'matically released an' could go home. Ah," he added, pleadingly, "Ah sho' would like to wear some clo'es again—some reg'lar clo'es. Dese heah n'it' clo'es, right spenklo', an' Ah sho' would like to wear some clo'es again, sah."

"But don't you want to fight the Germans, James?" I asked.

"Yassuh, yassuh," he said. "Yassuh, Ah wants to fight de Germans. But Ah wants to fight 'em at home. Ah sho' wants to lek de Germans to a finish. But Ah wants to do it in de United States of America. Ahse eager to fight de Germans. Dey ain't nobody mo' eager'n Ah am to fight 'em in Po'tsmo'th, Virginia, wheah Ah knows de country an' de people an' Ah can fight 'em right."

"You must have had some experience already, James," I said. "You have been in the legion eight months; you must have done some scrapping."

"Oh, yassuh," he replied. "Ah done right considerable scrapping."

"What part of the front have you been to?" I asked.

"Scraps Around a Whole Lot."

"Ah ain't been to de front," he said. "Theah's a couple of other fellows an' me scraps around 'round a whole lot. Sometimes we wrastle an' sometimes we scraps, but mostly we scraps."

We had gone to La Vallbonne to see the American members of the foreign legion who were still at the depot, and I asked James if we would see him in the squad.

"No, sah," he said. "Ah ain't goin' to be in it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Ah heahd yo' all was comin'," he explained, "and Ah went to Sergeant Boulligny an' Ah says to him, Ah says, salut'n of co'se, 'sergent,' Ah says, 'when de Germans comes to see de legion, Ahse ready, when yo' is. Yo' can call an' me,' Ah says."

"But Sergeant Boulligny comes from New Orleans, an' he looked at me an' he says, 'We don't need you,' he says, an' he turned 'round an' walked away. Ah reckon it's 'cause Ah'm culled, so Ah come avah heah to ask yo' if yo' all thinks Mistuh Wilson is goin' to do anything 'bout de wah so we all can go home."

Train Rider No Respector of Irons.

Birdsow, Pa.—Rudolph Michelotti, a train rider arrested by an officer of the Reading railroad, managed to jump a freight train and escape in spite of the fact that both his hands were manacled in irons.

WASHINGTON  
GOSSIP

## Patriotic American Wants to Donate an Airship

WASHINGTON.—A patriotic, presumably foreign-born American, who wants to do his or her—the sex is not certain—part in promoting preparedness, has conceived the notion of building an airship as a contribution to the forces of defense and offense. The only trouble is about a motor, and the individual makes a formal request that the government contribute this essential part of his proposed flying machine. But it cannot be done, and the problem must be worked out in some other way by this person anxious to do a public service.

The communication, asking for an aeroplane motor, is addressed: "To Assistant Secretary of Treasury Bryan R. Newton, White House, Washington, D. C." It comes by mail, postmarked from a place in Pennsylvania, and reads:

"Dear sir,

"After sels the battle cry of peace that was say that every one shoul have an aptenion of the war, and I deicided to make one airship of my own, but the only thing that I need is the motor that I cannot make in my self. I am a pour boy 21 year of age, and I never got no much of money, and I work here with my brotner with smil salurry.

"I aint got no much friends in this countri but my brotner, and he dont want help me to buy the motor.

"And so I ask you if you sand me a airship motor, an soon I make everytinge I will take a trip before any one else to san Francisco, Cal.

"Now excuse for the bad writing because I cant write americana."

The government has no motors which could be disposed of in this way and no appropriation for such purposes, Assistant Secretary Newton advises, the applicant for aeronautical honors:

"I aint got no much friends in this countri but my brotner, and he dont want help me to buy the motor."

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## Summer Luncheons

in a jiffy

Let Libby's splendid chefs relieve you of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry with Libby's

Sliced Dried Beef

and the other good summer meats—including Libby's Vienna Sausage—you'll find them fresh and appetizing.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Waterbury's

Sliced Dried Beef

Waterbury's

Sliced Dried Beef

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## LOCAL NEWS AND PERSONALITIES

## Sewer meeting to-night—?

Mrs. Ira Soules is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Addie Hunting spent Monday in Waukegan.

Miss Carrie Cropley of Kenosha spent Sunday with her mother.

Miss Maude Brogan of Kenosha spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. W. R. Williams entertained a friend from Chicago Sunday.

Tom Burnett of Hammond, Ind., spent over Sunday with home folks.

Mrs. George Kelly of Williams Bay, Wis., is visiting friends here.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barthel on Friday, July 14, a baby boy.

A. Curtis of Evanston spent Sunday at the home of Andrew Harrison.

J. H. McVey is entertaining his brother from LaPorte, Ind., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor of Evanston spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. Case of Chicago spent the first of the week with his family at Channel.

Read W. R. (Mike) Kerr's half page ad telling about the "Osland" in this issue.

Mrs. Robert Morrissey of Chicago was a guest at the Adams home the past week.

Mrs. John Turner returned home Friday from a few weeks visit with Chicago relatives.

Arthur Coon and Frank Haycock of Lincoln, Neb., are visiting relatives and friends here.

John Haneock and wife of Superior, Wis., were in attendance at the Spafford funeral Tuesday.

Lee Strang and family returned home Tuesday afternoon, from their visit with relatives in Iowa.

Miss Dara and Pauline VanDuser are visiting their sister, Mrs. Paige Perkinson, of Onarga, Ill.

Miss Pauline Scherf of Kenosha is spending a two weeks vacation with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Willie of Chicago spent Sunday with Mrs. Willie's mother, Mrs. Chas. Herman.

Misses Clara Taylor and Esther Eimerman of Waukegan spent Sunday evening with the former's parents here.

Two auto loads from Antioch attended the bazaar given by the Guild of the Episcopal church at Grayslake on Wednesday.

Take notice of Mike's half page ad on the opposite page. Have Mr. Kerr call on you, he says demonstrating is a pleasure.

The missionary society have prepared a fine supper for Tuesday, July 26, at the M. E. church. Supper usual price, you are invited.

There will be a "Hard Times Party" and masquerade at Mrs. C. E. Herman's resort on Bluff Lake, Saturday evening, July 22nd. Everybody invited.

The Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal church, will meet with Mrs. J. J. Morley on Friday, July 21, at 2 p. m. Everybody invited. Mrs. Chas. Webb, Sec.

Mass will be said every Sunday at the following places at the given time: St. Peter's church Antioch, 10:30; Savage's pavilion Channel Lake, 9:00; Barnstable's hall Lake Villa, 9:00.

A "Missionary Tea" will be served at the M. E. church on Tuesday afternoon, July 26, at 3:30. A short program will be given, followed by supper, which will be served from 5 to 7 p. m. Everybody welcome.

The cemetery society meeting which was to have been held at Mrs. A. E. Case's at Channel lake on Wednesday this week, has been postponed until next Tuesday, July 26th, on account of some of the members wishing to attend the carnival at Grayslake.

Beans, beans, how many beans  
Would you think that there would be  
In a quart fruit jar just level full  
With the top sealed down you see?  
So no one knows the exact amount  
But a guess on the quilt will reveal,  
On Aug. 1st, when the top comes off  
And some one will break the seal.

Miss Vida Jamieson of Millburn, after two years of successful study of vocal music at the "auditorium Musical-Dramatic conservatory of Chicago under the direction of Karl B. Stein, was awarded the academic certificate on June 28, admitting her to the teachers' class from which she expects to graduate next June. Miss Jamieson has developed a rich mezzo voice which she uses very effectively.

Optimistic Thought.  
If angels ever condescend to walk this earth it is when clad in the form of good mothers.

Beulah Harrison is visiting friends in Chicago.

C. A. Powles was in Chicago Wednesday.

Harold Williams was in Chicago on Tuesday.

Mr. Zehren of Sharon spent Monday in Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hook were in Antioch Tuesday.

Wm. Kelly transacted business in Chicago Monday.

Lawrence Hoffman is the owner of a new Oakland roadster.

Ed Fox and family entertained relatives from Lincoln, Neb., last week.

Miss Ruth Williams of Chicago spent over Sunday with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brook and Miss Wright spent Sunday in Burlington.

Tate Allen of El Paso, Texas was the guest of H. R. Adams over Sunday.

Summer Spafford of Denver, attended the funeral of his brother here Tuesday.

Get your Paris Green at King's Drug Store. Get it now—Prices will be higher.

Capt. Geo. A. Ludington of Cambridge City, Ind., spent last week with Mrs. Mattie Lester.

The ladies of St. Ignatius Guild will hold a bazaar on Aug. 1, afternoon and evening in the opera house. Everybody welcome.

The ladies of the Guild will have a fine display of fancy work of all kinds, home baking and also home made candy that will melt in your mouth, it will be so good.

If you would like to get information about the Antioch Township high school course, of study, call at this office, we have that information printed in book form.

Rather hot weather for the various county candidates to make those hot and burning speeches to the public, but the primaries aren't a great way off, so come on boys, we'll listen anyway.

While unhitching his team from a mowing machine, one day last week, Judd Van Duser, was kicked by one of the horses and received two broken ribs and a deep gash in the muscle of his left arm, which will lay him up for sometime.

Jas. G. Welch candidate for State's Attorney seemed to be possessed of appearing at the most unexpected moment. We noticed him fanning himself with his hat at the entrance of the Chautauqua tent last Sunday and Monday, here he was in town again. Keep a coming Jim always glad to see you, you know.

of Thanks  
We desire to return our most sincere thanks and gratitude to all those showing us respect and assistance during our sad bereavement.

Joseph S. Clarkson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb  
and Family.

## Church Services

St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church  
B. L. SMITH, PASTOR

Church school at 9:45.  
Morning prayer and sermon at 11:00.

Methodist Episcopal Church  
Rev. E. K. Hester, pastor.

10:30 a. m.—Public worship.  
12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

3:00 p. m.—Junior Epworth League.  
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:30 p. m.—Evening service of worship.

Hickory M. E. Church  
F. W. SANDERSON, Pastor.

The Sunday School will meet at ten o'clock as usual at the church. After the roll is taken we shall all go in a body to the re-opening of the Millburn church. There will be autos and other vehicles to take those coming to the church down to Millburn.

The church services in the morning will not be held on account of the services at Millburn.

The service in the evening will commence at 7:30 instead of 7:15 as usual. The Zion City chorus will give a sacred concert and Rev. Bryant will speak, bringing to us a gospel message. Rev. Bryant is a speaker of reknown and all failing to hear him will miss a treat. The choir will inspire you and help you to retain the spirit of the message. Everybody is invited to come and gain a blessing an inspiration for the week.

Thursday morning Dr. Matlack will hold our fourth quarterly conference at 10:30.

Christian Science  
Christian Science services held at the Crystal theater, every Sunday, at 10:45 a. m.

Miss Ida Rentner of Chicago is spending a two weeks' vacation with home folks.

If you want a fine supper come down to the M. E. church next Tuesday, July 26. Supper served from 5 to 7 p. m.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

All advertisements inserted under this head at the following rates: Five lines or less, 25 cents for first insertion, 15 cents for each subsequent insertion. More than five lines, 5 cents a line for first insertion, and 3 cents a line for additional insertions.

LOST—An automobile number, 172124, all tail light. Finder please leave at office.

WANTED—Before August 1st, bids for the building of sidewalks around the Trevor school house. For further information apply to H. A. Lubens, Fred Schreck and Wm. Evans, Trevor, Wis.

WANTED—To purchase six suckling pigs. Phone 104 J.

WANTED—A nurse maid. Call 16732. W. J. Conlon.

FOR SALE—Two 22 foot launches 12 and 18 horse powers; also steel row boat. Frank Savage, Antioch, Ill. Phone 145-M.

FOR SALE—One hundred and fifty chickens, consisting of hens, springers and chicks. One new chicken house, 8x10, 250 feet chicken wire and posts, also two hot bed sashes. Inquire at this office.

DO IT NOW—Sell, rent or buy, while business is good, try a "Want Ad" in this column—We have many inquiries. Just call 149-J.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Pony, six years old. Weight 700. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Heavy fire proof combination safe 22x26 inch \$10.00. Also quantity household goods. L. G. Padlock. 4w


FOR RENT—A four room, furnished cottage on Lake Marie. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Lot on Petite Lake, size 60x360. Inquire of J. J. Marley, Antioch.

FOR SALE—Motor boat in good condition, cheap. Ayling Bros., Bluff Lake, Antioch.

FOR SALE—A heavy express wagon nearly new, will sell cheap. F. Sedlack. Bluff Lake.

**BYN RUDE** ROWBOAT AND CANOE MOTORS  
for hunting and fishing. Can be attached to any boat in a minute. Speed 7 to 8 miles per hour. Have  
Built-in Magneto  
Maxim Silencer  
Automatic Reverse  
FOR SALE BY  
J. P. Johnson  
Antioch, Ill.


A. HEIN CO.  
WAUKEGAN, ILL.

## OUR SENSATIONAL

## July Clearing Sale

is breaking all records  
with the lowest prices  
offered in Waukegan  
in years.

FOR SALE—Ice box, 100 pounds capacity, white enamel lined, oak finish, good as new. Inquire of Chas. Alvers.

FOR SALE—Sorrel mare, 4 years old, kind and gentle. Inquire at this office. 2w

FOR SALE—Good driving horse, is safe and sound, weight about 1000 lbs. Will sell reasonable. Inquire of Ralph Eastman, P. O. 307, Antioch.

FOR SALE—Horse, buggy and harness cheap. Inquire at this office.

Public Hearing  
on  
Sewer Question

will be held on

Thursday, July 20  
at 8:00 o'clock p. m.

## Woodman Hall

For the Discussion, For or  
Against the Sewerage  
Proposition.

All Those Interested Will  
Please Attend.

By Order of the Board of  
Local Improvements

Ladies cordially invited

During July Only We  
Will Sell

Electric  
Washing Machines

\$50 and up  
and  
Electric  
Vacuum Cleaners

\$19.75 and up  
Each on Monthly  
Payments Towit:

12th with the order and  
12th month for eleven  
months.

Payable with light bill

Demonstration at our  
Display rooms  
Waukegan

Public Service Co.  
of Northern Illinois



JAMES G. WELCH

of Waukegan, Candidate For Office of  
State's Attorney.

Primaries Wednesday, September 13th, 1916.

## Special For Saturday

Frankfurter Sausage per lb. 14c  
Pork " per lb. - 14c  
Balogna " per lb. - 14c  
Garlick " per lb. - 14c  
By 10 lb. lots - - - 12c

Minced Ham per lb. - - 15c  
Plate Beef per lb. - - - 10c  
Corned Beef per lb. - 10c up  
Fresh Tongue per lb. - - 15c  
Steer Liver per lb. - - - 10c  
Calves Liver per lb. - - 20c  
Beef Brains per lb. - - - 10c

We pay highest price for all  
kinds of live stock and poultry.

## ANTIOCH PACKING CO.

Both Phones.

A Cigar of Merit

## "EL RECTOR"

CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

Factory 2201-2203 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill. PHIL. C. NIEMAN, Maker  
Phone Canal 4478  
OFFICE, 1204 S. LEAVITT ST.

When you have a  
House to Rent

Give it a coat of  
good paint before  
you tack a sign on  
it. It won't cost  
much and a well-  
painted house  
always rents more  
readily than a  
shabby one—rents for more  
money, too.

**DEVORE**  
THE GUARANTEED  
LEAD AND ZINC PAINT  
FEWER GALLONS - WEARS LONGER

It is just as essential to use good paint on a house you own and rent as on the one you live in. Therefore, paint with Devore and increase the value of your property.

We guarantee DEVORE because we know it is pure and because we know that it always gives our customers satisfaction. It contains no whitening, silica, china clay or other adulterants. DEVORE takes fewer gallons and wears longer. We are always glad to show attractive color combinations.

Williams Brothers' Store

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS



# The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

## SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight. I expect my farm and go to board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me to hire a carpenter and a farmer. Hard Cider, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees. Hard Cider builds bookcases around the twin fireplaces. Mrs. Temple hires Mrs. Ellis for me as a housekeeper, and announces the coming of a new boarder from New York.

When a bachelor, who believes himself invulnerable to lovely woman's wiles, reaches the age when he begins to think that marriage is the better state of life for man—and then meets one of those lovely women—he performs in a manner highly amusing to folks already married.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Sure," said Mike, "you'll get it right yet. But I was going to put me cabbages there."

I put "frind Morrissey"—for the town—as the far-off noon whistle at Slab City blew, and took my lunch down to the brook while the scrapper rattled off down the road.

The brook reminded me of the pool I was going to build, and the pool of a vague dream, last night of the new boarder, and then, with the patness of a "well-made" play, the boarder herself entered, as it were. That is, I heard the buggy coming, and the voice of Bert. I lay down flat behind the tall weeds and grasses, and remained hidden till the buggy had passed.

Then I finished my lunch, and lay for a quarter of an hour lazily regarding the sky, a great blue sky with cloud ships floating at anchor in its depths, while the indescribable fragrance of May in moist places filled my nostrils and a song sparrow practiced in the alders. As I got up to return to my work, I saw suddenly that the old apple trees in my orchard were showing pink—just a faint hint of it in the vell of young green.

A great cumulus cloud piled up like a Himalayana peak in the west beyond my mouse-gray dwelling. To the left, the new lawn was shiny brown, and as I climbed the slopes the smell of it came to me. Out still farther to the left my land was already stalked in rows of packed earth, neatly. The scene was beautiful to my eyes, and the imagined beauty of tomorrow made me almost run through the orchard to leave my lunch basket in the kitchen and get my tools for the afternoon's work.

At five o'clock, as Joe was leaving the garden, and Mike had gone to the barn to talk to the cows, I, too, put up my tools, resolved to enjoy an hour's loaf—my first since I bought the farm!

I scrubbed my hands and face at the kitchen sink in a tin basin which recalled my childhood, took a long draft from the tin dipper, filled my pipe, and strolled down through the budding orchard toward the brook. The song sparrow was still singing. The cloud ships were still riding at anchor. Even with my pipe in my mouth I could smell the odor of moist places in May. Walking beside the brook, I suddenly found the green spears of an iris plant amid the grasses.

I had scarcely gone six paces when I heard the crackle of footsteps on dead twigs somewhere ahead of me, and a moment later the vague form of a woman was visible making her way amid the impeding dead branches. I stood still. She did not see me till she was close up. Then she gave a slight start and said, "I beg your pardon. I trust I am not trespassing."

I looked at her, while my pipe bowl was hot in my calloused hand. She was scarce more than a girl, I fancied, pale and unmistakably not of this country world. I cannot say how she was dressed, save that she wore no hat and looked white and cool. But I saw that she had very blue eyes on each side of a decidedly tilted nose, and these eyes were unmistakably the kind which twinkle.

"Trespassing is a relative term," said I, after this, I fear, rather rudely prolonged scrutiny.

"You talk like 'Hill's Rhetoric,'" she smiled, with a quick glance at the incongruity of my clothes.

"Naturally," I replied. "It was the textbook I formerly used with my classes."

There was a little upward gurgle of laughter from the girl. "Clearness, force, and elegance, wasn't that the great trimvirate?" she said.

"Something like that," I believe," said I. "I am trying to forget."

"And are these pines yours to forget in? It should be easy. I was walking out there in the road, and I spied the brook over the wall and climbed through the briars to walk beside it; because it was trying so hard to talk to me. That was wrong of me, perhaps, but I never could resist a brook—or pine trees. They are such nice old men."

"Why, then," I asked, "are the little virgin birches always running away from them?"

Her eyes contracted a second, and then twinkled. "The birches plague them," she replied.

"How do they plague them?" I demanded.

"Pull their pine needles when they are asleep, of course," she answered. "Thank you for letting me walk here."

"Not at all," said I; "it is always a pleasure to entertain a true naturalist."

She smiled and made to pass on. I stood a little aside, in silence. And in that moment of silence suddenly, from near at hand, from somewhere in these very pines, there rang out the golden throb of a hermit thrush so close that the grace notes of his song were audible, cool and liquid and lovely.

The suddenness, the nearness, the wildness of this song made it indescribably thrilling, and the girl and I both stood rigid, breathless, peering into the gloom of the pines. Again the call rang out, but a little farther away this time, more plaintive, more fairy-like with distance. She took a step as if to follow, and instinctively I put out my hand, grasping her arm to restrain her. So we stood and waited, while from farther still, evidently from

the tamaracks in the corner of my lot, came the elfin charion. The singer was a good one; his attack was flawless, and he scattered his triplets with Mozartian ease and precision. Still we waited, in silence, but he did not sing again. Then to a kind of wonder the girl turned her face to mine, and in a kind of wonder I realized that I was still holding her arm. She appeared as unconscious of it as I, till I let my hand fall. Then she colored a little, recalled a little, and said, "What was it? I never heard anything so beautiful."

"A hermit thrush," I answered. "Thoreau once described his song as 'cool bars of melody from the everlasting morning or evening.' I think that expresses it as well as words can."

"I have always wanted to hear a hermit," she said wistfully. "And, oh, it is lovelier than I dreamed! I am going now before I get too jealous of you for having one all your own."

"Don't go!" I said impulsively. "The hermit has never sung for me. That song must have been in my hour."

The moment when I stood holding her arm, the moment when she had turned her wondering, eager face to mine, had been very pleasant. It was dusk now in the pines, and, looking westward, the low sun was making daggers of light between the trees. My ghost that I had brought up from the pump suddenly walked again, but walked in flesh and blood, with blue eyes and tilted nose. I was undoubtedly affected. My voice must have betrayed it as I repeated, "Don't go!"

"But I fear it is time for my supper," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "The thrush has evidently gone for his."

"Birds eat early," said I. "They have to, because they get up so early, after that warm."

Her laugh was once more an up-gushing gurgle. The tenseness was broken. I found myself walking by her side through the maples, and pointing out my house.

She clapped her hands ecstatically. "Oh," she cried, "they made the front door out of a highboy! How jolly! Is it as nice inside?"

"It is as going to be nice," said I. "I'll peep through the windows," she smiled.

I led her to my new south door, proudly showing my new lawn and the terrace, and telling her where the roses were to be, and the sundial, and directing on the work my own hands had done. With a silly, boyish enthusiasm, I even displayed the calluses and invited her to feel of them, which she did as one humors a child, while I thrilled quite as childishly at the touch of her finger tips. Then we peeped

through the glass doors. The low sun was streaming in through the west window and disclosed the old oak beam across the ceiling. Hard Cider had erected the frame of the bookcase and double settle, which would perfectly match the mantels as soon as the molding was on. One side of the settle faced toward one smoky old fireplace, the other toward the second.

"Two fireplaces! What luxury!" "You see," said I, "when I get tired of reading philosophy at the east fireplace, I'll just come around the corner and read 'Alice in Wonderland' at the west chimney nook."

"Double fireplaces—twin fireplaces—twin fires! That's it, Twin Fires! That ought to be the name of your house."

"You're right!" I cried, delighted. "I've never been able to think of a name. That's the inevitable one—that's Flaubert's one right word. You must come to my christening party and break a bottle of wine on the hearth."

She smiled wistfully, as she turned away from the window. "I must surely go to supper," she said. "Goodby, and thank you for your wonderful concert."

We walked to the road, but to my surprise she did not turn toward the village but toward Bert's. A sudden light came.

"Are you the broken-down boarder?" I cried.

The gurgle welled up, and the blue eyes twinkled, but she made no reply.

"Just for that," said I, "I won't carry back Mrs. Bert's basket."

As we entered the Temple's yard, Mrs. Bert stood in the kitchen door.

"Well, you two seem to have got nequainted," she remarked in a matter-of-fact tone. "Miss Goodwin, this is Mr. Upton I told you about. Mr. Upton, this is Miss Goodwin I told you about."

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "you are another. You didn't tell me."

"Young man," she retorted, "where's my basket?"

"I left it behind—on purpose," said I. "Then you'll be ter come home to yer dinner tomorrow," she said.

"Well, I'm willing," I answered. "I guess you be," said she.

At supper she returned to the theme, which appeared to amuse her endlessly. "Miss Goodwin," she said, "I want to warn you that Mr. Upton's terrible howl at somebody's golf" (he advised him how to build his garden. He's a regular man.)

I replied quickly: "Your warning is too late," said I; "Miss Goodwin has already begun by naming my place."

"You can change the name, you know," the girl smiled.

"How can I?" I answered, with great sternness. "It's the right one."

Whereupon I went up to my work, and listened to the sounds of soft snoring in the room across the hall.

## CHAPTER VI.

## The Chest of Rome.

"Stella Goodwin." "It's rather a pretty name," I thought, as I read it on the flyleaf of a volume she had left in Mrs. Bert's sitting room. The volume itself amused me—Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century."

Fancy coming to the country for a rest, and reading Chamberlain, most restless because most provocative of books! I was idly turning the leaves when there was a rustle on the stairs, and Miss Stella Goodwin entered with a cheerful "Good morning."

"See here," said I, "what are you doing with this book, if you are off for a rest? This is no book for a nervous wreck to be reading."

"Who said I was a nervous wreck?" she answered. "I'm just tired, that's all. I guess it's really spring fever. I saw a spear of real grass in Central park, and ran away."

"From what?" I asked.

"From the dictionary," she replied. "The which?" said I.

"The dictionary. Would you like me to sing you a song of the things that begin with 'hy'?"

She laughed again, and began to chaunt in burlesque Gregorian, "Hypotanas, hyrospanular, hyoseche, Hyoseyamae, hyoseyanine, Hyoseyanus."

"Stop!" I cried. "You will have me hypnotized. See, I'm on the 'hy' myself! Please explain—not sing."

"Well," she laughed, "you see it's this way. I have to eat, drink, and try to be merry, or tomorrow I die, so to postpone tomorrow I am working on a new dictionary. Somebody has to work on dictionaries, you know, and justify the pronunciation of America to man. I'm sort of learned, in a mild, harmless, anti-militant way. It isn't fair to keep the truth from you—I have a degree in philology! My doctor's thesis was published by the press of my kind university, at \$150 per copy, of which as many as seventeen were sold, and I'm still paying up the money I borrowed while preparing it. I stood the dictionary pretty well down to the 'hy's, and then one day something snapped inside of me, and I began to cry. That wouldn't have been so bad, if I hadn't made the mistake of crying on a sheet of manuscript by a learned professor, about Hyoseyanus (which is a genus of dicotyledonous gamopetalous plants), and the lady ran. Then I knew I should have to take a rest in the cause of English, pure and well defined. So here I am. The doctor tells me I must live out of doors and save word."

Do you think Miss Stella Goodwin is too much of a highbrow to make a first rate wife? Or are highbrows just as human as the rest of us once they've tasted real life?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MICHIGAN GIRL IS MARRIED IN DAZE

Romantic Aphasia Leads Her Into Wedding With Comparative Stranger.

Hillsdale, Mich.—Romantic aphasia that led to a marriage with a comparative stranger and the summary ejection of the bridegroom of twenty-four hours whom she found in her room when she suddenly recovered her memory was the testimony that enabled Tena Straw, nineteen, to regain her freedom.

Judge Chester granted the young woman an annulment of the ceremony when witnesses corroborated the unusual story. Mrs. Straw, despite her youth, once before faced a minister with George Straw, so the wedding service was not unfamiliar to her, but this time she insisted that she had no knowledge of it. Her first husband



Drove the Bridegroom From the House.

was killed in a railroad accident in 1914 and she herself was injured in the same wreck. Later she settled with the railroad company and received a substantial sum. The Straws had "never kept company," or been more than neighbors, Mrs. Straw testified.

Mrs. Straw said that on February 28 she had been in the home of Straw and his mother, helping with the work, and had been feeling ill. She remembered a minister being in the house, but had no recollection of the wedding and not until the next day did she realize she had been married. Then she drove the bridegroom from the house. He left and has not returned to his bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hewitt, boarders at the Straw home and witnesses of the ceremony, testified to Mrs. Straw's peculiar conduct, and Dr. C. T. Hower, who had attended her in several attacks of hysterical convulsions, said that such seizures were frequently followed by a dazed condition which might last several days.

## HANGS BY HER NECK CHAIN

Father Finds Girl Unconscious on Roof of Auto He Is Driving.

Waverly, Kan.—Miss Dorothea Roberts, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. B. Roberts of Waverly, met with a very unusual and peculiar accident which almost cost her life.

With her father she was riding in their car—the girl in the rear seat, the father in the rear seat, driving.

In passing over a culvert at good speed the girl was thrown against the top of the automobile and a strong chain which she wore about her neck caught over one of the bows in the top. There she hung until the father noticed that she failed to answer his remarks. When he looked around he found her unconscious hanging to the top of the automobile.

He stopped immediately and did what he could, but she was unconscious for several hours. Her mouth was full of blood caused from the choking of the chain. She will probably recover.

## KISSING NEGRESS COST \$3.50

Young Man Who Salutes Her on Street Corner Is Put Under Arrest.

Pittsburgh.—Raymond Watkins, twenty years old, of Homestead, and his companions were standing on a street corner in Marshall Terrace the other night chatting and joking when one of Watkins' friends bet him \$1 he did not dare to kiss the first girl that came along. Watkins put up the money and soon got his chance to win a dollar.

Estelle Stanton, a negress, eighteen years old, lying in Marshall Terrace, walked along an instant later and Watkins seized his opportunity, kissed the young woman and kissed her on the cheek. Watkins then turned to his companions and collected the dollar.

A few hours later he was taken into custody on a charge of disorderly conduct preferred by the girl. Watkins paid the costs, \$3.50, and was freed. Thus he lost \$3.50.

## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbbery  
Their Care and Cultivation



A Pretty Home Surrounded With Flowers and Trees.

### BEAUTIFYING THE HOME GROUNDS

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

If you want your bed of carnations or border of callalliums to make a grand showing from now to frost, give them a frost-like covering of bonemeal; then stir the soil, water thoroughly and mulch with lawn clippings. Do this toward the end of this month and be sure to remove the fading flowers.

Copy nature by sowing seeds of perennials as they ripen. Provide some sort of shade for the seed bed. A screen made of lath or one of unbleached muslin will answer.

The robust-growing plants will need some sort of support. Let the supports be painted green or oiled to bring out the grain of the wood and you will find them more pleasing than rough sticks and far more satisfactory. Drive the stakes fast into the earth a little lower than the plants, so that they are inconspicuous.

The plants needing supports are such hardy perennials as delphiniums, plant foxglove and snapdragons. Do not overlook giving stakes to the dahlias, cosmos, hydrangeas and gladioli.

To maintain continuous blooming from now until frost, a few perennials must be preserved. Make a habit of cutting flowers freely and remove all the fading blossoms and nature will reward you with a lavish hand.

After this month, allow the chrysanthemums to grow according to their own will—that is, stop pinching them back.

## TROUBLE WITH ASTERS

By GODFREY FRY.

The maggot is a deadly enemy of the aster. Look out for it and guard against it. Work wood ashes into the earth about the plants and remove a little of the soil about the base of each plant and scatter tobacco dust liberally around them.

Wood ashes are one of the best remedies and a change of location of the aster bed each year is another wise move.

The black beetle is another pest that does deadly work with the aster plants. This pest comes suddenly and does ruinous work in a very little while. When you see the first beetle use the following emulsion liberally

Bring them up to the light and put them in a southern exposure and they will flower during February and March. If white ones are planted beautiful Easter flowers will be provided. With care irises will bloom almost half the year. The flowers grown in the house are more delicate and beautiful than if grown out of doors.

Other winter flowers are expensive, but these can be secured at little cost, and when once started one can get them from one's own garden.

Experiment with irises this fall; you will get pleasure and profit from it.



All the Irises Are Beautiful and Hardy and There Are Many Varieties of Colorings.



## CANADIAN CROPS EXCELLENT

Returning Tourists Speak Well of Their Treatment in Canada.

The Canadian Government, having made extensive preparations during the last few years to impart to the National Park system a degree of comfort and pleasure to the visitor, combining the best efforts of man with the very best gifts of creation, has now the satisfaction of seeing an appreciation of the efforts they have made. Tourists returning from a trip over the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways speak enthusiastically of the beauties that are revealed as these roads enter and pass through the mountains. The Government has spent enormous sums of money laying out roads, and developing easy means of access to glacier, hill, valley, lake and stream. For what purpose? That the wonders that Canada possesses in its natural parks may become more easily accessible and afterward talked about, that a tourist travel through Canada would result. Tourist travel means business, and it is business that Canada seeks. To make it even more easy for this travel, the Government has taken pains to make every step of the tourist's entry into Canada one that will give the very least degree of trouble. On crossing the border, there is only the ordinary examination of baggage, and the only precaution is that in the case of foreign aliens, and even in their case there is no difficulty when the officials are satisfied that they are not attempting entry as enemies.

Although officials of the Government have taken every means to bring to the attention of the tourist and others that no difficulty could be placed in the way of their admission, there still remained doubt in the minds of some. Only the other day the Government took action again, and authorized the statement that no measures taken for repelling the forces either have been or will be applied to any persons who are not ordinarily resident in the Dominion. Nor is it the intention to ask for volunteers except from among British subjects, resident in Canada. Moreover, the Military Service Act, under which conscription is applied in Great Britain, affects only persons "ordinarily resident in Great Britain."

Americans and British subjects resident in the United States who desire to visit Canada will find no more trouble at the border than they have experienced in the past, and upon arriving they will be made as welcome as ever. War conditions of any kind will not inconvenience or interfere with them.

The immigration authorities suggest that, as a precaution against inconvenience, naturalized Americans whose country of origin was one of those at war with the British empire, should provide themselves with their certificates of naturalization.

Now that it is impossible to visit Europe, the planning of your vacation trip through Canada is one to give consideration to. The Government has taken an active interest in its National Parks in the heart of the Rocky mountains. These can be reached by any of the lines of railways, and the officials at these parks have been advised to render every attention to the visiting tourists, who in addition to seeing the most wonderful scenery in the world—nothing grander—nothing better—have excellent wagon and motor roads, taking them into the utter recesses of what was at one time considered practically inaccessible.

In addition to this the tourist will not be inactive to the practical possibilities that will be before him as he passes over the great plains of the Western Provinces. The immense wheat fields, bounded by the horizon, no matter how far you travel. The wide pasture lands, giving home and food to thousands of heads of horses and cattle. The future of a country that he before only heard of but knew so little about, will be revealed to him in the most wonderful panorama, and imprinted in the lens of his brain in such a way that he will bring back with him the story of the richness of Agricultural Western Canada. And he will also have an enjoyable outing.—Advertisement.

### The Byplay Minstrel.

"Mr. Interlocutor, can you tell me which is the richest country in the world?"

"Why, the United States is the richest country in the world, Mr. Tambor."

"No, it isn't. Ireland is the richest country in the world."

"And why is Ireland the richest country in the world, Mr. Tambor?"

"Because it's capital is always doubling."

"While the undertakers are gathering up the shattered remains of the late Mr. Tambor, Mr. Payne will render that pathetic ballad, 'Here Lies What's Left of Poor Jim Flynn. He's Gone. He couldn't stop; He Shook Aus Mit der Kaiser in a German Barber Shop.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

When it comes to saving pennies a woman will save a dollar before a man has saved ten cents.

The economical housewife is always trying to make something new out of old bread crusts.

## LOOPING THE LOOP OVER LONDON



NEW BRITISH WARPLANE

Seven thousand feet above Hyde Park, an American girl looked straight ahead and saw "the roof of the sky" from one of England's newest warplanes.

**I**N a British military aeroplane, painted black, and especially designed for pursuing Zeppelins at night, I flew across London and, at a height of 7,000 feet, looped the loop over Hyde Park, and in the New York Tribune Jane Anderson goes on to describe her experience:

I was permitted to make this flight, to start from one of Britain's finest aerodromes and see, spread in a clear colored panorama one mile and a half below me, the houses and the streets of the greatest city in the world.

In the great field from which I started the turf was broken by patches of black mud and the grass was beaten down by heavy rain of the morning.

But, on the wooden runway, with her wheels blocked and her black planes silhouetted against the sky, a biplane was waiting. She was beautiful—this machine. There was power in the sweep of her wings; there was power in the shining blades of her propeller.

Her two Lewis guns, of blue steel, were mounted on galvanized brackets; they were particularly businesslike—those guns.

I climbed aboard and was strapped in. The observer's seat, where I sat, was a wide seat, and the fuselage formed my arm rest. There was plenty of foot space. Captain X, who was my pilot, got into his seat behind me. To my right and above me a death's head design had been painted in white on the wing.

We circled the field, headed into the wind and were off. I mean, we dived up into the sky.

When we left the ground we left it. It was good climbing. It was good and stiff. The black nose of the biplane pointed straight to the sun. I saw, swiftly, visions of a stalled motor, of a rapid backward slide.

Below us the roofs of the hangars dropped away, and I saw, over the whirling propeller, the great curve of the Thames—the wide, splendid sweep of gray water, spanned by bridges.

Where two streets met there was a house with a red roof—a big house set a little apart from a long row of cottages. While I looked at this red roof the color of it changed; from a clear vermilion it became mauve; one small, clear square of mauve.

I looked again at the big house with the red roof. But it had merged with the line of little cottages; it no longer stood apart with a strip of green separating it from its neighbors. I had come up 8,000 feet above a little village which is on the outskirts of London.

I saw, far below me, the white roads, crossing and recrossing, and the bright green of the fields. But there were no longer any people; there were no longer trams and buses and motors.

In this swift, upward climbing there was no sense of rising. Before me the blades of the propeller were flashing even in the gray light. I was filled with a sense of security.

I saw the roads, the broad, smooth roads of England, become white threads on a clear background of green; from certain centers they reached out, spreading, then converging anew.

Then I found that I had come into a bank of cloud. And, strangely enough, this white vapor increased, mysteriously, my sense of security. There was an extraordinary impression of solidity, of substance, after my journeying through the clear higher air. I watched, on the aluminum rim

of the windshield, a row of clear drops, like beads, forming and reforming. The white cloud was condensing to make bright crystals for us, little opalescent clouds that broke, then fashioned themselves anew.

The mist in front of me cleared and the white vapor became transparent. I looked down. Below I saw, in one vast, endless cyclorama, the roofs and gray streets of a city, with a river bounding them. The roofs were a deep, lusterless purple. In the distance I saw a little gray disk, faintly outlined. This was St. Paul's. I was flying above the city of London.

I thought for a moment that it was not true; that I, because of one man who was piloting me through certain uncharted spaces above the world, was not leaning over a little rim of painted iron and staring down at the greatest of great cities; that those fine lines of purple which we saw were not houses in which people lived, houses in which people worked, houses where men and women fulfilled the appointed round of small incidents which make up the story of the world; that in those small houses there were people who were fighting a great war; that there were tragedy and suffering and hope and courage and faith down there.

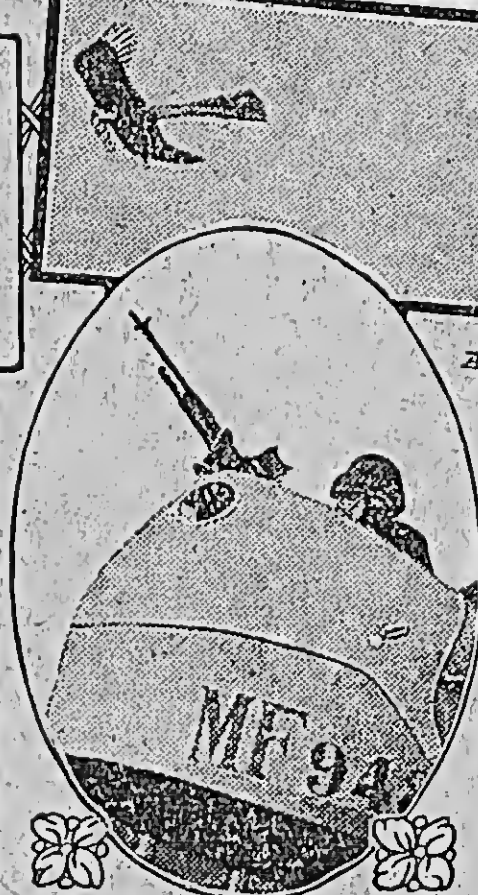
However, at this moment Captain X saw a cloud not too far above us and he started climbing again. I am not sure just how much that one particular cloud had to do with our sudden new ascent, but we went up there, just 7,000 feet above the city of London, and we jumped that cloud.

When we started I don't know what I thought we were going to do, but this is what we did—we bore down on that cloud, and when it was just before us, small, round, opaque, my pilot throttled his motor. We dropped. We dropped precipitately. It was rather a sensation this sliding off down toward earth.

Then Captain X threw on the motor to full power and brought her back to an even keel. Then we sailed up and hurdled the cloud. It was very well done.

After this we seemed to gather speed, for reasons unexplained; that is, when I put my hand out the wind drove harder against it, pushing it back. Below, suddenly, a big strip of green appeared in the heart of London.

Captain X explained about the bit of green, with its little white paths, which was interrupting the gray streets of the city. First, he hammered on the iron casing of the fuselage; I turned around. He made a quick gesture, reaching out toward me. I didn't know what he wanted.



MACHINE GUN ON WARPLANE

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Then I saw that the captain was handing me a scrap of white paper, folded, about the size of a stamp. It was a letter. It was not, however,

a long letter. And there was, on one side of it, printing of a somewhat miscellaneous character. This, by error, I read first and could not understand it at all.

Then I turned the paper over. Written on the other side of it, in pencil, were two sentences:

"We are over Hyde Park. Would you like to loop over London?"

Did I want to loop over London, in one of the finest of England's warplanes? Did I want to loop over Hyde Park at a height of 7,000 feet? Yes, I did.

The machine plunged headlong toward the earth. The motor was running full blast. The world rushed up to meet us. I found myself staring at the nose of the machine, which was straight above me. Her piston rods, a row of them on either side, were duncing up and down briskly. I saw them, and I saw the roof of the sky—yet I had not moved. I was still sitting, staring straight ahead. Only I was staring at the sky, instead of the earth.

Everything was moving. Hyde Park wasn't where it ought to have been. The sky was not in sight. The nose of the machine was over my head. All wrong.

Then a slice of the earth dislodged itself and, making circles, stood on end. And another section of earth rushed into it. I saw this myself. There were some trees mixed up in it. I don't know when this was. But I saw it all.

Afterward the nose of the machine came down in front of me, where it should have been. And the iron strip on it was shaking again and the two thin cables on my left were vibrating pleasantly. I looked over and assured myself that Hyde Park was down below. It was. I liked the world.

I turned and saw the captain leaning out over his windshield. He was smiling—smiling and fumbling with his goggles. Something, it seemed, had gone wrong with them. So far as I could see, this was the only mark of our having been upside down. And it was set right straightaway.

For immediately we started turning. The captain banked her very prettily and I saw the little paths of Hyde Park between the planes. Somehow it gave them a wonderful perspective, this looking down the full length of this plane.

And so we came back, over houses and white streets, to the wide sweep of the river. Came back straight toward the sun, which for the first time was shining through the mist. It seemed very close in front of us and not brilliant because of the gray curtain before it.

"And in the little village a train was running along. Very small, making puffs of smoke. And the smoke was yellow, not the clean white of the broken clouds which were drifting below us.

We circled toward the aerodrome. We dropped down, spiraling. It was a double spiral, Captain X made—and a particularly beautiful one. It was the final evidence of the superb construction of his majesty's biplane, designed for the destruction of enemy aircraft. I had full opportunity of discovering whatever weakness or fallibility might have been in her. There was none.



AEROPLANE DUEL IN FRANCE

Referring to the Cow?

It is said that a gravestone bears this inscription: "Here lies the body of Samuel Holden, who died suddenly and unexpectedly by being kicked to death by a cow. Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Her Particular Sphere.

"Muh wife," boasted Brother Bombsherry, "am de most prominent social in dis end of town. Yessah, our church never thinks o' givin' a social without she's right dar to do de bossa!"—Kansas City Star.

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Her Particular Sphere.

"Muh wife," boasted Brother Bombsherry, "am de most prominent social in dis end of town. Yessah, our church never thinks o' givin' a social without she's right dar to do de bossa!"—Kansas City Star.

Referring to the Cow?

It is said that a gravestone bears this inscription: "Here lies the body of Samuel Holden, who died suddenly and unexpectedly by being kicked to death by a cow. Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Her Particular Sphere.

**Told of Irish Soldiers.**  
Proverbially an Irish soldier has many lives. One of them fancied he had long enough to live to comply with the demand which a French mother made upon him thus: "If you kill the kaiser, you shall have my daughter." He was also an Irishman who said of a glimpse he had of a Russian Guard regiment: "Look at them devils retreatin' with their backs facin' us!"

**Careful Answer.**  
"Darling, if you had it to do all over would you still want to marry me?"  
"My dear, if I had it to do over again and decided to marry, you would be the one I would select."

**Our Family History.**  
Why does the ordinary family keep so poor a record, not of its own doings— they are, for the most part, dull enough—but of its own personalities? much further than the probable lifetime of our own children, and we do not like to look even so far as that.

Surely it would give us a sense of space if we could see clearly a little further behind us.

Moreover, to those we are engaged in the bringing up of their own children, a history of the family might furnish many a hint.

The chronic harrower has one redeeming feature at least—he never strikes a man when he is down.

**Save the Babies.**  
INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, laxatives and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

**DINER SURE OF ONE THING**  
Whoever Paid for Meal Party Had Consumed, Most Certainly It Was Not He.

"Talking about good dinners," said the Yankee traveler, slowly, "I remember one I had in Chicago. I went into a slap-up restaurant with some chums and ordered the finest thing in diners. Then, when the bill came around, we couldn't decide who was to pay. They all wanted to, and so did I."

"Very awkward for you all," agreed one of his listeners, skeptically.

"Well, yes," continued the man from the States; "as we couldn't settle the matter, I proposed that we should blindfold the waiter, and then whichever one he caught would have to pay the bill."

"A very good idea," said another listener, stilling a yawn. "Whom did he catch?"

"I dunno," replied the Yankee, briefly; "but he ain't caught me yet."—London Tit-Bits.

**FOR BABY RASHES**  
Cuticura Soap is Best Because So Soothing and Cooling. Trial Free.

If baby is troubled with rashes, eczemas, itchings, chafings or hot, irritated skin follow Cuticura Soap bath with light application of Cuticura Ointment to the affected part. Nothing so soothing, cooling and refreshing when he is fretful and sleepless.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**The Forbidden Vine.**  
Among the things to be avoided, when you stroll into the country, is poison ivy. It clings luxuriantly over walls and fences and trees and, late in the season, the old glossy leaves, each of which is divided into three lobes, turn to reds, browns and yellows. Its fruit is a small dun-colored berry. The flesh that touches it becomes inflamed and swollen and breaks into blisters that are communicated to other parts as the victim rubs them. Some persons are so sensitive to the poison that they cannot go near the ivy without being affected. The ivy is good to look upon, but it is hard to handle.

A couple of years ago there was a project to organize a society to make war on this enemy of the human kind, but it seems to have disappeared—perhaps with the disease from which its chief promoter was at the time suffering. In the absence of any organized effort to destroy the poison ivy, it behooves every individual to look out for his own welfare. The poison ivy is the forbidden vine.—Columbus Dispatch.

A gosling never attempts to teach a goose, yet there are children who imagine they are wiser than their parents.

**IF YOU OR ANY FRIEND**  
Suffer with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, acute or chronic, write for my FREE BOOK on Rheumatism—Its Cause and Cure. Most wonderful book ever written. It's absolutely FREE. Jesse A. Case, Dept. C. W., Brockton, Mass.—Adv.

**Mosquitoes Put Out Light.**  
Great swarms of mosquitoes swept in from the marshes and extinguished for three nights the light in the light-house at the Vermillion Bay entrance to the canal. The insects blocked the air vent, despite the efforts of the light keeper to fight them off. The mosquitoes have caused great discomfort in this section.—Abbeville (La.) Dispatch New Orleans Item.

**Kills Hens With a Gun.**  
Oakley has a housewife, according to the Graphic, who, when she wants to kill a chicken, disdains to chop off its head or wring its neck. Instead, she shoots it in the head with a rifle, and has never missed one yet. The Graphic, however, suppresses the name of the hero who holds the chicken while she shoots.—Kansas City Star.

An office holder should save some money—but not enough to start an investigation.

**Three Hundred Million Bushel Crop in 1915**  
Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions."

**Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre**  
**Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre**  
**Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre**

Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information as to best locations for settlement, reduced railroad rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or

C. J. Bragdon, Room 412, 112 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; M. Y. McEwen, 1781 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Government Agents

**160 ACRES FARM FOR SALE**  
WESTERN CANADA FREE

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## RURAL NEWS ITEMS

Correspondence Continue on Page Four

## LAKE VILLA

A. Kapple was in Grayslake Monday.  
F. Sherwood was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Albert Kapple is entertaining friends from the city.

Miss Olive Nelson of Waukegan is visiting friends here.

D. Smith of Oak Park spent Sunday with the Avery family.

Several from here attended the Chautauqua at Antioch last week.

Mrs. E. Bartlett has lately had a telephone installed in her home.

Miss Ida Miller of Waukegan spent this week with relatives here.

Mrs. John Mitchell and Miss Kathryn visited Chicago relatives last week.

Paul Avery and family made a trip to Chicago by auto last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks of Ingleside spent Sunday with Mrs. Sherwood.

Rev. Hutchinson exchanged pulpits with Rev. Hester of Antioch Sunday.

Miss Vale Jones arrived Sunday from Florida for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Clayton Dixon.

Mrs. Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. R. Douglas had relatives from Millburn as guests Sunday.

The Ladies Aid society will have another bakery sale at Munzer's store on Saturday, July 22.

John Cribb and Ray Kerr were in the city last week on business and returned with an "Oakland" roadster for an Antioch party.

Will Seborna went to Junction City, Wis., Saturday night for a short visit with his daughters, who are staying with their grandparents.

Claire Sherwood is nursing a broken arm, having had an accident last Friday while cranking his auto. He is enjoying an enforced vacation as well as could be expected.

On Saturday evening the Allendale band will give a concert in the park, and the dance in Barnstable's hall by the "Good Roads Committee". Then the "Girls Booster Club" will serve generous slices of ice, cold melon, so all may have a good time, no matter what your taste may be.

## MILLBURN

Miss Jessie Cannon is visiting friends in Des Moines this week.

Many from here attended the Chautauqua at Antioch last week.

Mrs. Olive Webb is entertaining her cousin, Miss Stella Shen of Waukegan.

Miss Josephine Bidwell of Gurnee spent the week end with Mrs. C. E. Denman.

Miss Helen Safford returned home on Thursday from Wheaton and various places in Wisconsin.

Thornton Willoughby, one of the Orpet jorymen returned home Saturday glad to be able to get to work again.

Mrs. R. L. Wheaton and sons of Wheaton, Ill., will spend a few weeks with her parents at the parsonage.

Mrs. E. N. Cannon and Elma have returned from Nebraska after spending three weeks with her parents.

Married July 12, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. M. Trux, Miss Etta V. Backus and Mr. Elmo Pratt both of Chicago. Rev. Safford officiating. Congratulations.

It was a great shock to the community when word of the sudden death of Ralph Spafford reached here Saturday. His mother and sister from LaSalle arrived here Sunday. Mrs. Mitchell and children of Waukegan and brothers from the west are expected.

The Ladies Missionary society of Millburn will hold their annual "Missionary Tea" at the church Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 2, beginning at 2:30 and they cordially invite their friends from Antioch, Lake Villa, Grayslake and Waukegan to come and help them enjoy a good time. Speaker of the day, Mrs. Geo. A. Rogers of Chicago. Her topic "The Missionary Spirit." Super committee: Mrs. Jas. Bonner, Mrs. W. B. Stewart, Mrs. Mabel Young, and Mrs. Eugene Clark.

## Better Iron It.

The other morning little Helen was watching mother press one of her coats. Helen asked why this had to be done. Mother said to get the wrinkles out. Later mother was sitting on the porch with Helen in a large red rocker. The impression of the red on mother's arm wrinkled it a great deal. Helen seeing this exclaimed: "Mamma, look at your arm! Don't you think you had better iron it?"

## WILMOT

Clyde Kinreed was home Sunday.

Rollie Hegeman motored to Woodstock Saturday.

The Hegeman family motored to Kenosha Saturday.

Chas. Sibley of Antioch was seen on our streets recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wright of Woodstock was home Sunday.

Chas. Lewis of Richmond was seen on our streets Sunday.

Mrs. Rone of Hebron spent last week with Mrs. Guy Loftos.

Miss Ida Rasch had dental work done in Antioch Wednesday.

Misses Carey entertained company from out of town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Padlock spent Sunday at the D. J. Vincent home.

On account of the rain the movies were postponed Sunday evening.

Mr. Spear and family of Sharon, arrived here Sunday for a brief visit.

Mrs. Ed. Lewis spent the latter part of last week with Milwaukee friends.

Lewie Anderson of Crystal Lake called at the Kreckman home Friday.

A number from around here attended the Chautauqua at Antioch last week.

The Darby family and Mrs. Fred Faulkner autoed to Kenosha Thursday.

Misses Sarah and Alice Patrick of Trevor spent Friday with Wilmot people.

Mrs. Pribnew and daughter of Park Falls, are visiting at the Westlake home.

Mrs. Darby entertained a number of Wilmot ladies at a luncheon Friday afternoon.

The Misses McGuire of Chicago will spend a number of weeks with their parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. August Panknin are the proud parents of a baby boy born on Saturday, July 15.

Miss Lulu Lampe returned to Kenosha Saturday evening after spending a number of weeks here.

Gao, Higgins and wife and Chas. Curtis and wife of Kenosha left Sunday for an auto trip to Michigan.

M. E. Shottliff and family of Rockton, Ill., motored to Wilmot Sunday and were guests at the Shottliff home.

Mr. Tyrell and family of Lake Geneva motored to Wilmot Tuesday and called at the Geo. Faulkner home.

The church picnic given on the school grounds Wednesday by the Wilmot and Salem people was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Chas. Pitman and family, Will Shreck and family of Libertyville and Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich of Waukegan and Mr. and Mrs. Patwin of Chicago were Sunday guests at the Fred Shreck home.

This is to let the base ball fans of Silverlake know that Wilmot was right in the argument of last Sunday's game between Wilmot and Silverlake which broke up in the first of the sixth inning.

According to "Rench Official Base Ball Rule 28, Sec. 3: A base runner shall not have another player whose name appears in the batting order of his team run for him, except by the consent of the captain of the other team," and Silverlake had 2 sons to put in the game at any time and hoping this will make it clear to all and if any more games are played between the two teams that they will abide by the rules of base ball and give the public what they have coming.

By Sec. of Wilmot Base Ball Club.

## HICKORY

Thos. Pederson and wife spent Sunday at M. Christensen's.

Spencer Wells and family spent Sunday at the Armour home.

Bert King and wife of Chicago spent over Sunday at Wilson King's.

Louis Veigt and family of Chicago visited at T. Petersen's Saturday.

Earl Edwards of River Forest spent over Sunday at the D. B. Webb home.

Shirley Hollenbeck entertained a few friends Monday afternoon in honor of her eighth birthday.

INGALLS BROS.  
OPTICIAN  
GRADUATES OF M'CONNICK  
OPTICAL COLLEGE

EYES TESTED  
GLASSES FITTED  
ARTIFICIAL EYES

# THE CRISIS IN ILLINOIS

## A Call To All Good Republicans



Protecting Womanhood from Industrial Slavery

Senator Hull saving the 10-Hour Labor Bill for Women from defeat, when opponents were desperately attempting to kill this protective measure during the last two days of the legislative session of 1909. His opponents then are his opponents now. Vote for Hull and help vote them down.

Senator Hull Winning in the Fight for Direct Primaries in Illinois

Senator Hull was the Chairman and leader of that valiant group who became famous as "The Band of Hope." Their untiring fight put through the Direct Primary Law in Illinois in 1908. Reactionary interests opposed to Hull then, are opposing him now.

## NOMINATE

# MORTON D. HULL

## For Governor

### And Save Your Party and State From the Thompson Spoilsmen

The Illinois primary is less than nine weeks off. And the Hour has struck when all constructive Republicans must join their forces under an able leader with the welfare of the people at heart. An emergency exists. The situation is this:

Republicans who stand for efficient management in state affairs, have, in recent years, done some important things for good government in Illinois. Among these men, Morton D. Hull has been a leader. For ten straight years he has worked in the legislature unceasingly for efficient management of the state. This is not a mere claim—it's a matter of open record.

But the opposition has been bitter. And the task of constructive Republicanism, fostered by Senator Hull and men of his type, is only half begun.

To carry this work through, the state needs as Governor just such a man as Senator Hull has demonstrated that he is. It needs a man of his strength and ability to force through progressive measures. Such a Republican as Hull is unquestionably could be elected in November.

Says the Chicago Tribune, July 4, 1916:

"The Republican Primaries might result in a nomination which would incline many Republican voters to turn to a good Democrat." Consider that.

## Hull Against the "Combine"

The Thompson spoilsmen of Cook County brought together all the reactionaries at the past Peoria convention. This "Peoria Combine," as the newspapers term them, sealed their pact to ride into full control of your party and state.

They are marshalling their bands behind a former congressman without experience in State affairs. He is their candidate for Governor. But please make no mistake—he is not their leader.

Behind him are arrayed the Villas, Zapatas and Carranzas of Illinois whose specialty for years has been exploiting the public.

And when this candidate of theirs was national committeeman, he gave his proxy to Mr. Lorimer. He sent Mr. Lorimer, then under fire, to represent the Republicans of Illinois in the high councils of the party.

When Senator Hull is governor, his proxy will be given to no one.

The nomination of the "Combine's" man would expose Illinois to influences that brought discredit upon the party.

But the nomination of Morton D. Hull will be a credit to it.

## The Chicago Tribune's Estimate of Hull

January, 1913, the Republicans in the legislature were in the minority. But a leader was needed to promote progressive acts. A leader to safeguard the public welfare.

The "Chicago Tribune" recognized that need—and it recognized the leader. In an editorial the TRIBUNE said in part:

"... If there were of Springfield a number of men elected to the House of Representatives calling themselves Republicans, and seeking to nominate an able leader, ... a leader of conspicuous merit and conspicuous service—they would choose Mr. Hull."

There is due him an acknowledgment of the fact that few citizens of the State have served the State more modestly, more effectively, more faithfully, more sanely, or more persistently than Morton D. Hull, of the 5th District, Chicago.

"He has been the brains and the backbone of many a futile effort for good Government and the brains and the backbone of some attempts which have won. He is not noisy in the demonstration of his own virtues."

"A State which might attract the services of a number of men like him would be a notable exhibit of the worth and value of representative government."

exhibit of the worth and value of representative government."

"If Mr. Hull were the choice of the Republicans for leader, there at least would be a guarantee of efficient, honest leadership on one side of the hall."

Mr. Hull's leadership is needed now.

Now is the Presidential Year.

The Thompson spoilsmen believe that National issues will divert your attention from the needs of your state. While your eyes are on Washington, they plan to capture Springfield.

## Protect Your Party and State

With Hughes and Hull the Republican party of Illinois will recruit and rally. But the "Peoria Combine" will weaken Hughes' case and the party's.

Hull's nomination means the party's advancement. It is another forward step like the nomination of Hughes.

Hull for Governor means success for the party in November; and Hull as Governor means success for the state.

In these days of preparedness Illinois needs his experience in the management of her government and institutions.

## Join the Thousands for Hull

Hosts of Republicans and Progressives throughout the state already have gathered under Hull's banner for clean Republicanism and good Government. And this is a movement destined to succeed because it is right.

But success will not be easy. The evils of the system are hard to wipe out. Your moral and your active support are needed at once. The time is short. Resolve to perform your part right now.

Please sign and mail the attached coupon today and help to win with Hull.

Hull Campaign Committee,  
Logan Hay, Secretary.

## MORTON D. HULL STATE HEADQUARTERS

LOGAN HAY, Secretary

124 S. Sixth St., Springfield, Ill.

I am in sympathy with the movement for progressive Republicanism and good Government in Illinois, represented in the candidacy of Morton D. Hull. If possible, I should like to be of some service in assisting in the success of this movement.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_